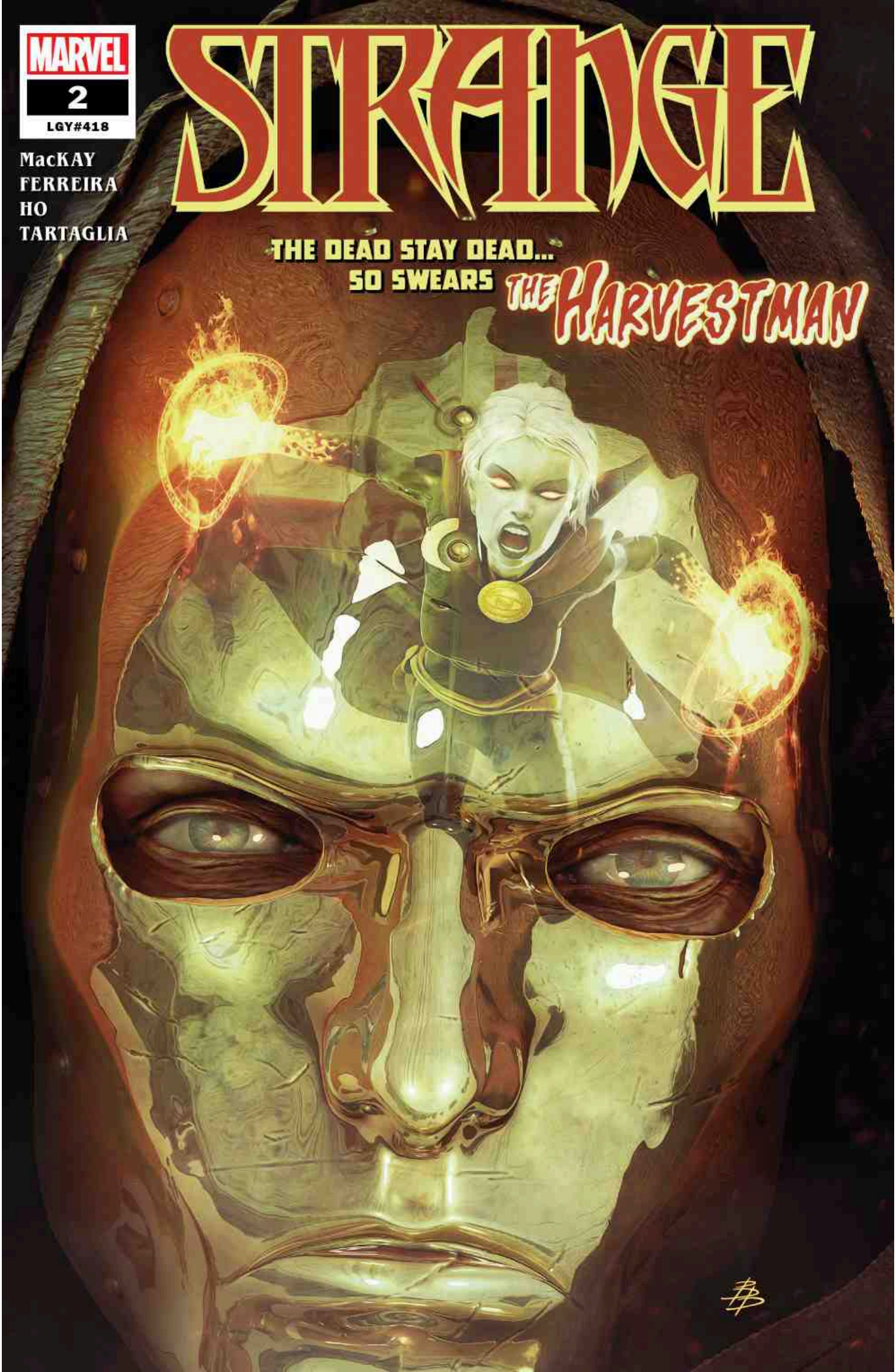
MARVEL
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LGY#418
STRANGE
MacKAY
FERREIRA
HO
TARTAGLIA
THE DEAD STAY DEAD...
SO SWEARS THE HARVESTMAN

STRANGE

A few months ago, Earth's Sorcerer Supreme, Doctor Stephen Strange, was murdered! With his death, the title and mantle of Sorcerer Supreme now belongs to his wife, Clea Strange!

This does not sit well with everyone. But Clea will not relinquish this title anytime soon, at least not until she brings Stephen back from the dead.

But new threats are forming around her: A gang called the Blasphemy Cartel is targeting innocent magical refugees. A new adversary, the Harvestman, is trying to stop Clea from resurrecting Stephen.

And now Clea must contend with a zombie version of the dead hero Thunderstrike!

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MAA-AAAC AND CHEE-EESE...
MAA-AAAC AND CHEE-EESE...
FOR THE MAA-AAN THAT'S HAA-ARD TO PLEE-ASE...
FWOOSH
DOSH
HOWW-WW I LOVE YOU, MAA-AAC AND CHEE--
KRASSHHH
YAAAAHHH!
WHAT THE HEL WAS...
...THAT?
THE APARTMENT OF KEVIN MASTERSON. A.K.A. THUNDERSTRIKE II.

MY NAME IS CLEA STRANGE.
AND I AM THE SORCERER SUPREME *TWICE OVER.*
IT'S *DANGEROUS* TO POSSESS SO MUCH POWER. THE ENERGIES OF EARTH AND THE DARK DIMENSION ARE *FIRE* AND *ICE. ACID* AND *STONE.*
THERE IS A REASON THAT EVEN THE MOST GRASPING MAGICIAN DOESN'T ATTEMPT TO TAKE ON *MULTIPLE MANTLES.*
THE POWERS ALLOTTED TO THE SORCERER SUPREME DO NOT *ADD* TO ONE ANOTHER. THEY DO NOT *COMBINE*--DO NOT *ALLY.*
THEY *TEAR* AT ONE ANOTHER--*SNAP* AT EACH OTHER LIKE WILD DOGS IN HARNESS.
IT IS A PRECARIOUS BALANCE. A BALANCE THAT, IF LOST, COULD SEE ME BECOME WHAT MY PEOPLE, THE FALTINE, OFTEN DO:
A MONSTER.
LIKE THE THING BEFORE ME.

FIRE AND ICE. ACID AND STONE. AT WAR WITHIN ME.
KEEPING THE FIGHTING DOGS THAT ARE MY OWN POWERS FROM CONSUMING ONE ANOTHER, FROM CONSUMING ME, WHEN WHAT I SHOULD BE DOING IS ANNIHILATING THIS MONSTER.
THESE MONSTERS.
WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE.
I CAME HERE FOLLOWING A DESPERATE THREAD OF HOPE.
A HOPE OF A REUNION.
AND THIS IS WHAT I AM GIVEN.
CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK!

SHRACK
I THINK NOT, SORCERER SUPREME.
I AM DEATH'S EMISSARY, AND I WILL NOT BE BOUND SO EASILY.
SO, YOU, AT LEAST, SPEAK. YOU KNOW MY TITLE, SO AFFORD ME THE RESPECT DUE TO IT.
EXPLAIN YOURSELF.
URKK--
MY BUSINESS IS DEATH'S.
I ANSWER TO NO MORTAL.
OH, I THINK YOU MAY WISH TO RECONSIDER.
THIS THING... IT WAS ONCE ERIC MASTERSON. I FOUGHT BESIDE HIM. I LIKED HIM.

MASTERSON'S SOUL HAS BEEN COMMANDEERED BY THOUSANDS OF ROGUE GHOSTS.
HE IS A VESSEL FOR UNQUIET SPIRITS REBELLING AGAINST MY MISTRESS, RIDDEN ACROSS THE BARRIER BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
RRRHHH!!!
THIS IS NOT THE MAN YOU KNEW.
THIS IS A GESTALT-ENTITY OF MAD SOULS, THEIR OWN IDENTITIES WORN AWAY BY THE GRIT OF AGES.
THIS IS A REVENANT.
THEN MY BUSINESS IS INDEED WITH YOU.
I WANT MY HUSBAND BACK, LAPDOG OF DEATH.
I WANT STEPHEN STRANGE RETURNED TO ME.
IMPOSSIBLE.

I AM THE SORCERER SUPREME...
..."IMPOSSIBLE" IS NOT A WORD I RECOGNIZE.
SLAP
THUNN-DERR-STRIIIKE!!!

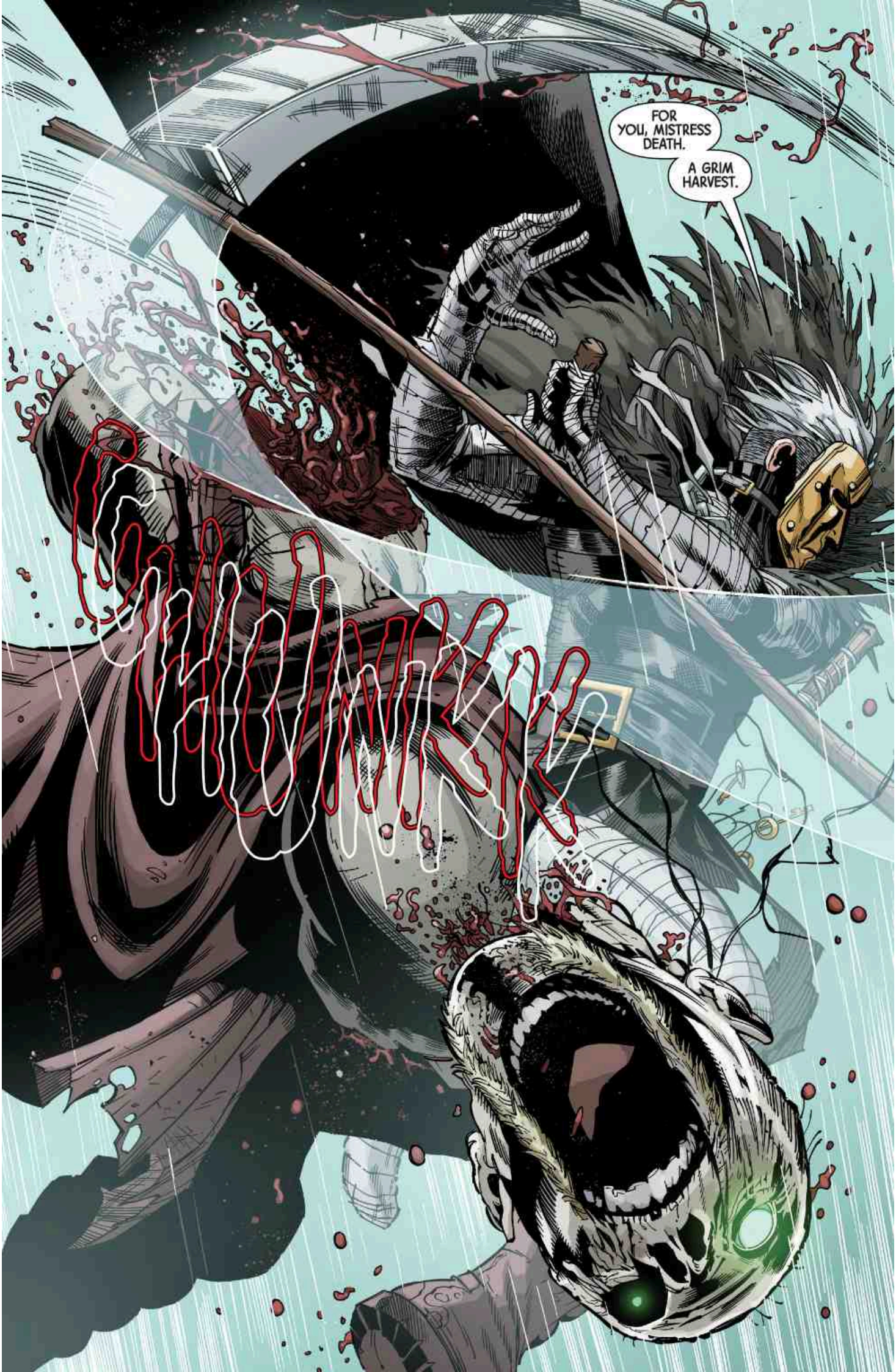
BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH.
THUNDERSTRIKE.
ATTEND TO YOUR OWN DUTY, SORCERER SUPREME. INTERFERE WITH DEATH'S BUSINESS NO LONGER.
THIS CONVERSATION IS NOT OVER, STRANGER.

SARNIOS' STORM OF SWORDS!
BROMAGDON'S RUBY RAIN!
RNNNNN!

RAAAGH!
WHAMM
FLAMES OF THE FALTINE!
UGHHDD!
WHANGG
THE MACE.

MASTERSON!
RNNNN!!!
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I RECALL YOU AS A GOOD MAN.
FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...
RNNNNN!!!

THUDDD
...I'M SORRY.
RNNNNNN!!!
ENOUGH.


FOR YOU, MISTRESS DEATH.
A GRIM HARVEST.
CRUNCH

THUDD
Oooooooo
Oooooooo
GOODBYE, MASTERSON.

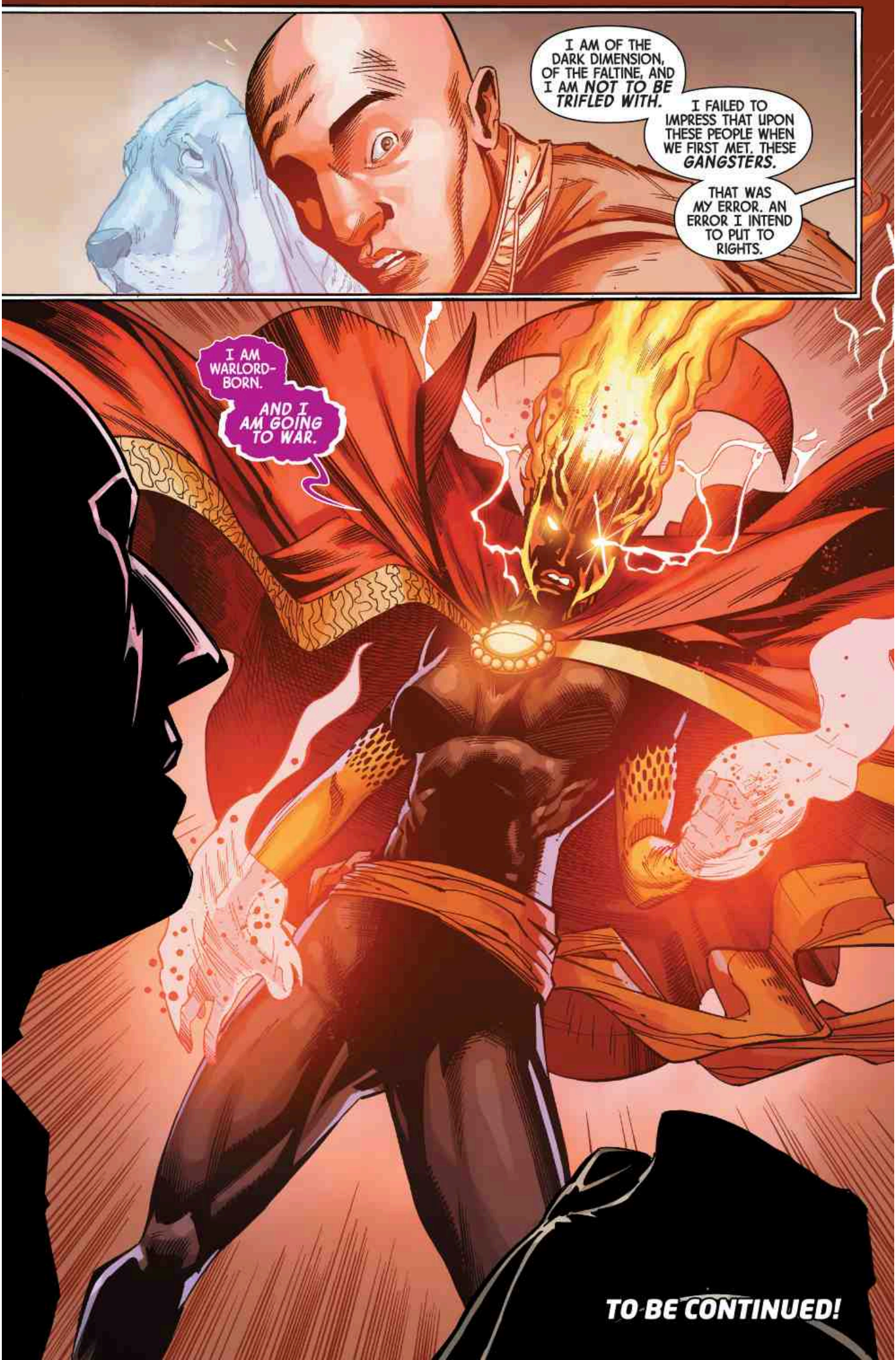
"AND THEN?"

177A BLEECKER STREET, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK. THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
THERE'S LITTLE MORE TO TELL, WONG.
THE MACE FLEW OFF BACK TO WHEREVER IT CAME FROM.
AND HE TOLD ME HIS NAME.
"...THE WIND BETWEEN THE GRAVESTONES, THE HAND UPON THE SCYTHE...THE HARVESTMAN!" BLEAGH!
YOU KNOW THE TYPE.
ANOTHER EGOMANIAC IN A METAL MASK. AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH OF THOSE IN MY LIFE AS IT IS.
MMM, INDEED.
I WONDER IF WE SHOULD EXPECT TONY STARK TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE AT THIS RATE.
HAHAHA!
AND THEN HE FORBADE ME FROM RESURRECTING STEPHEN.
FORBADE ME... ME. THE CHEEK OF THE MAN.
CAN HE, UH, ACTUALLY STOP YOU?
OF COURSE NOT, BATS.
HMM.
I DON'T LIKE THIS, CLEA. IT FEELS LIKE AN ESCALATION.
DEATH HAS CREATED A COUNTERPART TO THE SORCERER SUPREME. AN OPPOSITE NUMBER.
AND THIS "REVENANT" THREAT... THINGS ARE STIRRING IN DEATH'S DOMAIN IN WAYS THAT WE DON'T UNDERSTAND. AT THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN WE ARE LOOKING INTO MEDDLING IN HER AFFAIRS.

THINGS MUST BE DIRE INDEED IN DEATH'S DOMAIN IF SHE'S CREATED HER OWN SHERIFF.
WHAT WOULD YOU CALL DEATH'S "SORCERER SUPREME"?
THE NECROMANCER NONPAREIL? THE DEATHLORD DOMINANT?
CLEA.
DON'T YOU SEE, WONG?
THIS IS ALL TO OUR ADVANTAGE.
DEATH, AND BY EXTENSION, HER CREATURE--THE HARVESTMAN--ARE BUSY WITH THEIR OWN CONCERNS. WHICH MEANS THAT *OUR* AIMS MAY GO UNNOTICED--*UNCHALLENGED.*
LET US HOPE YOU ARE CORRECT.
BUT YOU HAVE *OTHER* RESPONSIBILITIES AS SORCERER SUPREME THAT ALSO NEED ATTENDING TO.
YOU REALLY *DO* NEED TO MEET WITH THE AVENGERS.
THEN THERE'S THE MATTER OF THE WARLORDS REFUSING TO CEDE THEIR TERRITORIES IN PERU, CHINA AND ANTARCTICA.
AND WHAT TO DO WITH THE RUINS OF *KALUMESH.*
NOT TO MENTION STEPHEN'S *SCHOOL--*
NOK NOK NOK

AH!
I'M SORRY, WONG, BUT DUTY CALLS. I REALLY MUST ATTEND TO THIS.
BUT YOUR LIST DOES SOUND VERY IMPORTANT, AND I SHALL ATTEND TO IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
NOK NOK
OH BOY, I HOPE IT'S NOT DOCTOR DOOM AGAIN.
BATS, I WOULD TAKE VICTOR OVER THE "SORCERER SUPREME CHORE LIST" ANY DAY.
NOW, WHO COULD THIS--?
OH. OH NO.
MISTRESS...
THE SHROUDED BAZAAR...THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL...
THEY CAME BACK, MISTRESS...

"...THEY CAME BACK IN FORCE, WITH BULLET AND HEX."
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THIS PLACE, THESE PEOPLE WERE PUT UNDER MY PROTECTION.
WHAT KIND OF MERE CRIMINALS WOULD DARE TRESPASS ON THE TERRITORY OF A WARLORD?
THIS IS EARTH, CLEA. NOT THE DARK DIMENSION.
MANHATTAN HAS NO WARLORD.
OH, BUT IT DOES.
IT DOES NOW.


I AM OF THE DARK DIMENSION, OF THE FALTINE, AND I AM NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.
I FAILED TO IMPRESS THAT UPON THESE PEOPLE WHEN WE FIRST MET. THESE GANGSTERS.
THAT WAS MY ERROR. AN ERROR I INTEND TO PUT TO RIGHTS.
I AM WARLORD-BORN.
AND I AM GOING TO WAR.
TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

Ready or Not!

Someone is preying on the misery and suffering of New York's citizens. Clea Strange is all too familiar with the demons and monsters that stalk humans. But what happens when it's the humans who are hunting the monsters?

EMAIL US AT MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK "OKAY TO PRINT"!

ZONE